

# INTERFLOW

By Geoffrey C. Faber

THE NEW POETRY SERIES

UC-NRLF

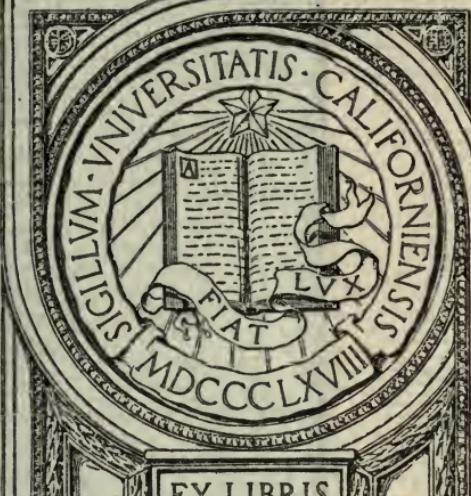


\$B 112 089



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Boston and New York



959  
F115  
i





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

# INTERFLOW

POEMS, CHIEFLY LYRICAL

BY

GEOFFREY FABER



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

1915

Printed in Great Britain

NO. 1400000  
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

## ADVERTISEMENT

IF I am asked, 'Is this a time for publishing poetry?' I can only reply that it is not the time which I would have chosen. It is not the hour indeed for artistic effort of any kind. That hour will come again; but it may be long delayed. It is fear of this delay which is responsible for the appearance of the following poems. They must brave the light now or, perhaps, never.

And yet there may be others who have felt (as I have), in the midst of unaccustomed duties, a stronger inclination than ever before towards all that adorns or enhances our spiritual life. Some of these, perhaps, may read what I have written, and be the kinder in their judgments because I am unfortunate in my opportunity. It would be sad if War were allowed to expel Art, even for a while, out of individual lives. If my book is regarded as a protest against the view that this is either tolerable or desirable, I am more than rewarded for any sacrifice of popularity.

CUCKFIELD, April 1915.

‘ But this in myself did I know,  
Not needing a studious brow,  
Or trust in a governing star,  
While my ears held the jangled shout  
The children were lifting afar :  
That natures at interflow  
With all of their past and the now,  
Are chords to the Nature without,  
Orbs to the greater whole.’

MEREDITH, *A Faith on Trial.*

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE, . . . . .	xi
To P. A. T., . . . . .	1
NIGHT OF ROMANCE, . . . . .	5
THE RAREST GIFT, . . . . .	10
FALLIT PLACIDI PELLACIA PONTI, . . . . .	14
HIS LOT AND HERS, . . . . .	15
FOREST POOL CONFESSION, . . . . .	16
‘OFTEN SHE LIES BESIDE THE FIRE ASLEEP’, . . . . .	19
ON VIOLA, ASLEEP, . . . . .	20
TO THE POETS, . . . . .	21
TO A CERTAIN POET, . . . . .	22
THE APPROACH OF LOVE, . . . . .	23
To — . . . . .	24
BEFORE THE DAWN, . . . . .	25
LOVE IN MAY, . . . . .	26
A MESSAGE FROM HIS LOVE, . . . . .	27
FOREBODING, . . . . .	28
DEPARTURE, . . . . .	29
CRI DU COEUR, . . . . .	30

## INTERFLOW

	PAGE
LOVE REMEMBERED, . . . . .	31
AWAKENING, . . . . .	32
IN A ROOM, . . . . .	33
OLD LOVE, . . . . .	35
SPRING DAY (ON THE MALVERN HILLS), . . . . .	36
FEBRUARY MORNING, . . . . .	37
THE MIRACLE, . . . . .	38
LINES WRITTEN AT WASTDALE HEAD, . . . . .	40
AN AUTUMN SONG, . . . . .	41
NOCTURNE, . . . . .	42
OTIA DIA, . . . . .	44
RED WINE OF SUNSET, . . . . .	45
‘THE LONG CLOUDS STRETCH OVER THE HILLS’, . . . . .	46
MOUNTAIN, FOREST, AND PLAIN, . . . . .	49
‘A BOAT OF SILVER’, . . . . .	51
‘I HEARD A VOICE’, . . . . .	52
ON LEAVING OXFORD, . . . . .	53
A LAMENT OVER THE CITY OF LONDON, . . . . .	54
‘O THAT I HAD A COTTAGE ON A HILL’, . . . . .	56
LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK, . . . . .	57
JUNE DAY, . . . . .	58
MORNING (AT HIGHGATE), . . . . .	60
MORNING (AT GOFF’S OAK), . . . . .	61
HOLIDAY SONG, . . . . .	62
‘IT IS OFTEN THAT I HAVE HEARD HER CALLING’, . . . . .	63
‘BREAK, BREAK, THOU STUBBORN VASE OF CLAY’, . . . . .	65

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI, . . . . .	67
USQUE QUO, DOMINE? . . . . .	68
IN A BAR OF MUSIC, . . . . .	70
QUIA IMPOSSIBLE, . . . . .	72
THE THREE DREAMS, . . . . .	73
LAMENTABILE, . . . . .	75
REMONSTRANCE, . . . . .	76
‘THERE IS A ROAD RUNS THROUGH THE LANDS OF SLEEP’, . . . . .	78
‘WISE WITH THE WISDOM DRAWN FROM LADEN YEARS’, . . . . .	79
‘WHAT GIFT HAST THOU, O WORLD WHERE NO STARS GLOW’, . . . . .	80
‘QU’AS-TU FAIT?’ . . . . .	81
PAGAN PRAYER, . . . . .	82
MISGIVING, . . . . .	83
A PENNY WHISTLE, . . . . .	84
AMANS AMARE, . . . . .	85
‘WHEN I WAS A BOY’, . . . . .	90
THE GARDEN AND THE LAND, . . . . .	91
LINES WRITTEN TO MUSIC, . . . . .	92
‘MODERNITY’, . . . . .	93
STARS IN MUD, . . . . .	94
BUILDING AND SINGING, . . . . .	96
A FABLE, . . . . .	97
AN EPITAPH, . . . . .	99
THE EVE OF WAR, . . . . .	100
ON THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR, . . . . .	101

## INTERFLOW

	<small>PAGE</small>
ON THE WAR (I), . . . . .	102
ON THE WAR (II), . . . . .	103
‘FOR THOSE AT SEA’, . . . . .	104
ST. PAUL’S IN WAR TIME, . . . . .	105
QUID SIT FUTURUM, . . . . .	106
TO BELGIUM, . . . . .	107
ON THE SINKING OF THE ‘FALABA’, . . . . .	108
A CALL TO ARMS, . . . . .	109
RUPERT BROOKE, . . . . .	111

---

‘To a Certain Poet,’ ‘Love in May,’ ‘Love Remembered,’  
 ‘In a Room,’ ‘Sic Transit Gloria Mundi,’ ‘Usque quo,  
 Domine,’ ‘Quia Impossibile,’ and ‘A Fable,’ originally  
 appeared in the *Oxford Magazine*; ‘For Those at Sea’  
 originally appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. The  
 Author is indebted to the Editors of these papers for per-  
 mission to reprint the poems here.

## P R E F A C E

It is no longer in the fashion for poets to write prefaces ; this was once their prerogative, but they have yielded it to the playwrights, who magnify it more than ever the poets did. Yet a new writer may, perhaps, on his first appearance, say what the art he practises signifies to him, and give the critics an opportunity of replying that his opinions matter to nobody except himself.

There are two kinds of poetry, as there are two schools of painting,—subjective and objective, the poetry which looks inward and that which looks outward, the poetry which discovers the symbols of romance in the soul and that which traces them in the sky or in the actual lives of men. For all poetry is romantic, in that it distorts facts ; since facts are prose, and prose is not poetry. Or, more truly, prose is for the facts of experience ; but poetry is to re-interpret experience, reading into it that which common sense would say was not there. And as we have two modes of experience (of ourselves and of our surroundings), so we have two forms of prose and two forms of poetry.

## INTERFLOW

Which is the greater is a hard question to answer, and each man must answer it to his own satisfaction. Which is the finer poetry, the *Odyssey* or the *Odes of Sappho*? which the greater poet, Catullus or Virgil, Milton or Shelley? or is he to be preferred above the others, who, like Browning, stretches his genius to cover both extremes? Nor are the alternatives always so simple; for it is possible (or by some thought possible) so to fuse subject and object into one, that what appears to be a landscape is in fact a battle of emotions, or (and this is perhaps more usual) what seems to be a battle of emotions is, in fact, a landscape. It may be thought curious to state these distinctions in a preface and not to resolve them. But if I cannot resolve them, I cannot but be conscious of them; and all these kinds of poetry will be found in this volume. I am only anxious that I should not be called thoughtless, because I have not yet evolved a final philosophy of art, or inconsistent, because I have not resisted the influences of my day.

There are other problems than these, dragons which must be faced if not slain by the modern poet; since the spirit of the times no longer allows him to wander 'fancy-free.' What is it which he puts into experience—is it one ingredient only, or two, or more? He cooks his facts; with what does he season them, and where does he buy his relishes? Is he to beautify experience, or to make it horrible?

## PREFACE

The facts are tasteless ; is he simply to make them more palatable ?

We used to call the ingredient which Art puts into life, beauty. But that answer is now out of date ; it is at least only in part true. There are many poems which are not beautiful at all, but drab or ugly or horrible or forcible or even humorous, but which are nevertheless unmistakably poetry. Perhaps it may be said that poetry intensifies experience ; it concentrates the emotions, which too often spend themselves ineffectually in the sands of life. So that the love or the fear or the hate, which in experience appear as liking or timidity or aversion, are shown to us naked by the poet. He interprets experience by and through experience ; he uses the rare moments to reinforce the common ones.

‘O delight  
And triumph of the poet,—who would say  
A man’s mere ‘yes’, a woman’s common ‘no’,  
A little human hope of that or this,  
And says the word so that it burns you through  
With a special revelation, shakes the heart  
Of all the men and women in the world,  
As if one came back from the dead and spoke,  
With eyes too happy, a familiar thing  
Become divine i’ the utterance !’

And yet this is not all. For beauty may not be Art’s only ingredient, but it is certainly the commonest and best. The sublimest Art, whether it be

## INTERFLOW

music or poetry or painting, is that which floods the soul with beauty. And this beauty differs in kind from all the other ingredients which Art uses, since it is not properly an ingredient at all, but a quality which experience of almost any kind can take on, mystical, evident but not to be explained. I will not conceal my belief that beauty, so understood, belongs not to this world of sense, but to another world of the spirit. It comes into being when the facts of this world are brought into sudden unsuspected union with the facts of that other world ; and this union is effected only by those 'intimations of immortality' which fade away so quickly and are so hard to recapture in the light of common day.

‘O life, O poetry,  
—Which means life in life ! cognisant of life  
Beyond this blood-beat,—passionate for truth  
Beyond these senses—’

So, again, Mrs. Browning. And the same idea has been subtly and beautifully clothed by the present poet laureate :

‘For Beauty being the best of all we know  
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims  
Of nature, and on joys whose earthly names  
Were never known can form and sense bestow.’

All these observations, it will be said, ignore the importance of form. But what is form, except the shape taken by thought ? And how can one thought

## PREFACE

take many shapes? With each shape it must become a new thought. We cannot say of a poem that its form is defective, but that it is a fine poem, as, for instance, has been said of 'Love in the Valley.' Essential to a poem is its rhythm, and the meaning of the poem is conveyed as much by its rhythm as by the words of which it is composed. Motion is the most expressive of languages; but it expresses states and moods, rather than ideas. For this reason, plain prose, which is rhythmically poor and deals in ideas rather than moods, is inadequate to render a true account of the world. For the world (that is, the whole sum of a man's experiences) is much more a matter of moods than of facts; and the business of poetry is to intensify our appreciation of the world in all its several moods of love and hate, joy and despair, confidence and terror; above all, by that subtle medium of beauty to show its relation to the other world, whose moods are beyond our comprehending.

HIGHGATE, *July 1914.*



## TO P. A. T.

THIS midland town is emptied for a while  
Of all the military sights and sounds  
Three months of war have bred in her. The style  
Of my new life relaxes. To the fire  
I draw my chair; beyond the rigid bounds  
New-set to thought and new-set to desire  
Fancy adventures, making holiday.  
And first, before she visits remoter lands,  
Or takes swift wing on that more arduous way,  
Uncharted, which her task is to explore,  
She with her sister Memory joins hands—  
Those twin dear angels, whom I both adore—  
And Memory whispers '*It is not far to go*',  
To Rugby, and eleven years ago.

This very morning, gone eleven years!  
I wonder what I did then, how I looked.  
What should I think of those raw hopes and fears,  
Long since forgotten? Yet every one was booked  
To my account, and bears its interest still.  
No doubt I found the morning dull enough,  
Wished I were free to follow my own will,  
And thought my Greek Unseen was awfully tough.  
But there were other times and other places;  
Times, Philip, when we two foregathered shyly  
And planned our lives and wrote our boyish verses,

## INTERFLOW

While down the passage someone strummed and strummed

On the Glasshouse piano '*See the little Pansy Faces Sitting on the Garden Wall*', and strummed most vilely !

Will you believe me ? That poor tune reverses Eleven years ; for just now as I hummed I sat with you again and we were boys. There's magic in that bit of vulgar noise.

You were the first and best of all my masters ; You showed me what I needed—that rare food Of starveling imagination, poetry.

You taught me how to capture the fine mood Which rears its head above youth's mad disasters, Champing no bit and ranging fancy-free.

For all you taught me I can never render Any account save this : if there be gold In handiwork of mine, you were its lender. I will confess I copied you of old.

And there are lines of yours I still remember Affectionately, almost as my own.

And in my heart glows still a grateful ember Left from the fire you built. I have outgrown Many ambitions, but not that ambition We shared together. Share we its fruition !

Ah ! Philip, those were golden, golden days. Winter and spring and summer came and went, And were as verses in a fourfold song Ending with autumn. And all that year along Within our schoolboys' lives a life was spent That was a very secret dream of praise,

## TO P. A. T.

Of shadowy hope and love and wonderment.  
And autumn passed and winter came again.  
Do you remember now that farewell walk,  
Upon a black and frosty afternoon,  
By the canal? The earth in iron pain  
Lay mute, and we were locked in strenuous  
talk.

You said, '*Youth ends; manhood and work come soon.*'

And so you left me, lonely with my faith,  
And with the year you passed and were a  
wraith.

I have the faith still, though the vision fades.  
The vision fades, but I am sure of heaven.  
There *is* a peace, which thrice-hushed forest  
glades

Own not; there is a glory which is given  
Not to the kingdoms of this warring earth;  
There is a beauty not of man or woman;  
In all the highest that we bring to birth  
There is an element which is not human.  
I seek this still and I will seek for ever.  
Better to be a fool and dote on truth  
Than shame the soul in order to be clever;  
For clever men make mock of their own youth.  
And by whatever art, by what of skill  
I can command, be this my utterance still.

The short day darkens; troops and guns return;  
The trumpet sounds out bravely in the street.  
I must forget the past again, unlearn  
My very nature, till the world smells sweet

## INTERFLOW

Once more, and I am free to go my way.  
Then, Philip, I will set these random lines,  
Made for an index to my thoughts this day,  
Before my book ; and they shall be for signs  
That even in the midst of war I hold  
The same faith that we two boys held of old.

NORTHAMPTON, 21st November 1914.

## NIGHT OF ROMANCE

### NIGHT OF ROMANCE

*THE Prince as he walked in his garden  
Gave command for music to be played,  
In the evening when the starlight made  
The dark trees visible against the sky.  
It was that hour when we whom dull days harden  
Soften and tremble, though we know not why.*

Far away through the leaves and branches floated,  
Soft as the starlight glimmering in the lake,  
Shy harmonies scarce born but they did break  
In mists of falling sound, which sweeter seemed  
Than the inspirèd songs of silver-throated  
Birds in some Paradise whereof he dreamed.

He was not old ; for still with comely down  
Soft were his cheeks as beds of fragrant bloom.  
Yet in his heart all was darkness, all was gloom.  
Heavy upon his shoulders lay the hand of madness ;  
Deep in his young forehead the graven frown  
Betrayed the long hours, the hours of sadness.

One who loved him watched from a distance,  
Noting every gesture, every sweet and bitter motion,  
Torn by hate and by devotion,  
Longing now to kiss him and ready now to kill ;  
Fiercely she longed to feel his weak resistance,  
Force him to surrender, work on him her will.

## INTERFLOW

Still through the night air, heavy and enchanted,  
The sad notes hovered, lingering while they faded ;  
Even as the lover, whom his mistress hath upbraided,  
Lingers near her window, till the dawn bids him  
depart,  
Filled with forebodings lest perchance he be  
supplanted ;  
And his eyes are lit with anger, but tears are in his  
heart.

Up and down, between tall banks of flowers,  
Beneath the branches of heavy-scented trees,  
Sauntered the slow courtiers in twos and threes,  
The Prince alone and moody, they following after,  
Delicately bred for palaces and bowers  
And gentle passions and soft considered laughter.

Yellow the moon rose, the yellow light ran,  
Silently possessing the hills and valleys ;  
And over the tree-tops and down the alleys  
It brimming poured. The yellow moon rose,  
And the dusk ended and the night began.  
It seemed such night could never close.

Sudden in the moonlight her white arm glistened.  
Sudden the knife flashed. She caught him falling.  
She caught him to her, softly calling  
Him prince and sweetheart, and kissed his paling  
Lips, and made as though she listened.  
But fast his blood flowed, his breath was failing.

And still the courtiers strolled and jested,  
And still the music sighed through the garden.

## NIGHT OF ROMANCE

And struck with horror she watched the blood  
harden,

And knew him dead, and said, 'Have I killed him ? '

Wondering if dead souls might be wrested

Back from the dead. But no life thrilled him.

Still through the night air, heavy and enchanted,  
The soft notes hovered, fading as they lingered.

And still disdainful ladies fingered

Leaf and petal while lovers flattered.

Frail roots of passion untimely planted !

Image of peace so rudely shattered !

As when the slow swell urges shoreward  
Beneath the whitening face of the goddess,  
And girls go bathing. Skirt and bodice  
Lie in a moon-sent silken shimmer  
Empty on the sand. And each steps forward  
Into the warm water, each sweet bare swimmer.

Laughing in the water and splashing and playing,  
Arms linked together, idly they float,  
Lifted now and sinking to the hollow, like a boat  
Fair-fashioned with limbs and breasts and faces,  
Upwards and downwards and upwards swaying  
Idly they float in linked embraces.

Idly they float, till sudden horror seizes  
Hearts and throats, for down in the hollow  
Of a wave gone by and the wave to follow  
One swims alone and cries assistance.  
And in their veins the swift blood freezes ;  
For she is gone, making no resistance.

## INTERFLOW

Down sank the music ; and like a bird from cover  
Broke upon their ears a wild sound of sobbing.  
It rose, it fell, it set the night throbbing.  
And each man shuddered and ceased from wooing ;  
Each woman trembling besought her lover  
What evil matter might be brewing.

They saw her then ; they saw him lying  
Prone in the moonlight upon the ground,  
Silent. And still the dreadful sound  
Rose and fell and set the night throbbing.  
And terror-stricken they were for flying,  
But she beheld them and stayed her sobbing.

‘ Ah you ! ’ she said, ‘ who strolled and jested,  
Lo, here ’, she said, ‘ your Lord and Master !  
Not his nor yours is the worst disaster,  
But mine, who loved him and have killed him.  
Can dead souls be by crying wrested  
Back from the dead ? ’ But no life thrilled him.

None spake. Like tender flakes of snow  
Scattered the courtiers ; in twos and threes  
They through the high-arched gloom of the trees  
Delicately fled to their palaces and bowers,  
Steeping the unwelcome sense of woe  
In savour of wine and in scent of flowers.

No more she wept. And soon serene  
She clapped her hands. Thereat a slave  
Came running and knelt. To whom she gave  
Her orders, saying, ‘ The Prince no longer  
Is to obey, but I, the Queen.  
For I among these am the stronger.’

## NIGHT OF ROMANCE

*The Queen as she walked in her garden  
Gave command for music to be played,  
In the evening when the starlight made  
The dark trees visible against the sky.  
It was that hour when we whom dull days harden  
Soften and tremble, though we know not why.*

## INTERFLOW

### THE RAREST GIFT

THE rarest gifts God can bestow  
Do with the littlest children go.  
Be these of body or of soul  
They shine as never aureole  
Shone round the head of fabled saint,  
Untarnished yet nor yet grown faint.  
What be these gifts? Who asks is blind.  
Not hidden are they nor hard to find.  
In every street in every city,  
Though much there be to quicken pity,  
Who cannot see what is so plain,  
'Tis certain he has eyes in vain.  
Let him but be taught of me  
To look upon them lingeringly,  
He shall find that he is given  
Such a key as opens Heaven,  
Of his own heart the master key.  
(If Heaven's not there, where can it be?)

'Come put these beauties to the proof!'  
He obstinately holds aloof.  
He will not look, he will not learn,  
Aside his feet will never turn.  
He goes upon the hard, white road.  
His pride is in the heavy load,

## THE RAREST GIFT

The load he bears upon his back.  
His eyes are fastened to the track.  
He will not look, he will not hear,  
Though angels whispered in his ear.

There are the children's voices. Hark !  
Children are playing in the park.  
Now surely that clear treble cry  
Must catch him as he passes by.  
'Tis like a lasso loosed and thrown  
To tangle all who walk alone,  
To bring them where the children play  
The whole unending summer day.

And now the day is at its height.  
Noon stills the chattering birds ; the light  
Blinds the poor traveller on the road.  
Full heavy is his heavy load.  
Beneath the clustering oak 'tis sweet  
To rest upon the carven seat ;  
He sits him down, his fardel lays  
Upon the turf ; his dull glance strays  
Where little boys and girls are seen  
On the gilded glowing green,  
Chasing each other round and round,  
Making such a merry sound,  
That even the blackbird stops his trill.  
The traveller smiles against his will !

Deepens the day ; at length are hushed  
Their voices too. Weary and flushed

## INTERFLOW

The children scatter to the trees,  
And each stops short soon as he sees  
There underneath the clustering oak  
The Traveller in his travelling cloak.  
Now, gloomy Traveller, thou art caught !  
At no price can escape be bought.  
Here comes with grave regarding eyes  
Their general, and thee espies,  
Full seven years old, and four feet high,  
—Tremble thou mayst, thou canst not fly.

Brave men respect the brave. The foe  
Has eyed him o'er from head to toe,  
And given the word—his life is spared.  
(Though what had happened had he dared,  
In pride of old age, to rebel,  
I have not wit enough to tell !)  
And round the Traveller's either knee  
Gathers the little company.

They made him tell a story, who  
Adventureless had lived life through.  
But in his meanly furnished mind  
Stories, alas ! were hard to find,  
Till searching there he came at last  
On a ballad from the olden past,  
And told the tale of Robin Hood  
And his gay life in the green wood.  
Then did the children live again  
The lives of Robin and his men.  
And while he spoke and while they listened,  
I saw that tears in his eyes glistened,

## THE RAREST GIFT

I knew that in his heart once more  
Wide open stood the long shut door.  
And there I left him, well content ;  
For of all gifts to children lent,  
That gift is prized more than gold  
Which saves a soul from growing old.

## INTERFLOW

### FALLIT PLACIDI PELLACIA PONTI

THE cliff gleams white beneath the flying spray ;  
The sun shines out ; the storm clouds flee away ;  
At Night's approach the still disordered Day  
Grows calm and gathers up her torn array.

But there is that upon the wreck-strewn beach,  
Round which the circling sea-crows swoop and  
screech,  
Soon but a heap of bones for the sun to bleach ;—  
And yet the Day departing smiles on each.

Ah ! how canst thou, whose cruel hands have maimed  
That eager spirit, which lies torn and tamed,  
Laugh and forget and be no more ashamed  
Than is the wanton sea of the prey she claimed ?

## HIS LOT AND HER'S

### HIS LOT AND HER'S

‘LEAN over me’, he said ; and she leaned and touched his hair.

‘Kiss me’, he whispered ; and she kissed, she kissed him there.

Long he held her, he would not let her go  
Till his breath was failing ; he loved, he loved her so.

‘Leave me’, he said ; and she left him and went her ways.

‘Not to return’, he whispered, ‘for many, so many, days.’

‘I go’, she answered ; ‘but, ah ! for I leave behind  
With you the light of my eyes, I go forth blind.’

‘Come back to me’, he said ; and slowly she came back.

‘What is it ?’ she asked him ; ‘what is it that you lack ?’

‘O Love, I give you your question again’, he said.

‘Freedom’, she murmured, and wept, and turned her head.

## INTERFLOW

### FOREST POOL CONFESION

THE wood beneath the moon  
Is very still.

The storm is gathering ; soon  
"Twill break upon the hill.

Hot is my breath  
On the hot breathless air.

Far thundereth  
A voice, Beware, beware !

The pool beneath the moon  
Is very still,

As one who prays some boon  
Too hard for his faint will.

Its surface seems  
Of pure untroubled light ;  
In its depths are dreams,  
That hide themselves from sight.

A sweet stream entering in  
Spread over me ;

A woman cried, ' 'Tis sin ;  
I know he covets thee.'

Answering I said,  
' Pure is this sin and sweet  
Upon my head

And round my travelled feet.'

## FOREST POOL CONFESSTION

Whispered the stream's soft voice  
    Falling from my hair,  
'Child, make now thy choice.'  
    Ah! he was fair.  
With trembling hands  
    I loosened all my dress,  
At his command  
    Gave him my nakedness.

I fell asleep,  
    While over me my stream,  
Welling deep,  
    Led dream and dream and dream.  
Waking once I wept,  
    Strangely afraid;  
Again I slept,  
    Sleeping, was betrayed.

Now, like the silent pool,  
    I lie enchanted.  
Slave am I to a hateful ghoul.  
    Love is supplanted.  
Love was my king  
    Until I savoured Lust,  
Now do whose beckoning  
    I not will, but must.

By the moonlit pool a child  
    Strayed delighted,  
Coming to it from the wild  
    Unaffrighted.

## INTERFLOW

Undismayed he knelt  
By its margin, where no child should linger,  
Laughed and felt  
The white water dimpling 'neath his finger.

Nothing could he guess (what wonder?)  
Of what lay secret,  
Of what shameful things lay under  
That white coverlet.  
The trees never stirred  
To warn him ; when he listened,  
Not a sound he heard ;  
At his feet the water tempted, glistened.

Warm ringlets made way  
For his little feet,  
For his whole body they  
Did entreat.  
He unshrinking gave  
Himself to their caresses,  
They—a wet grave  
And muddied tresses.

Alone beneath the moon  
I hold my breath.  
The widening eddies swoon  
As still as death.  
I wait ; alone  
With tight-clasped hands and heart  
Heavy as stone  
I wait—do Thou Thy part.

## SHE LIES BESIDE THE FIRE ASLEEP

### OFTEN SHE LIES BESIDE THE FIRE ASLEEP

OFTEN she lies beside the fire asleep,  
Resting white limbs on soft rich-coloured furs,  
Till some uneasy half-remembrance stirs  
Within her, and forgotten shadows creep,  
Like pallid prisoners, from the mind's dim keep,  
Heeding no more their ancient barriers ;  
And still in sleep a mist of sorrow blurs  
The image of her dream and she doth weep,

And waking to her self-imprisonment  
Abhors her couch, and rising heavy-eyed  
With swift hot fingers throws the casement wide  
To the cool night and spacious firmament ;  
And through the still air floats the magic scent  
Of sleeping flowers in the field outside.

## INTERFLOW

### ON VIOLA, ASLEEP

BEAUTIFUL she is, as when the peeping sun  
Wakens to dewy life the river meadows  
And pale beams slowly thin the sulky shadows,  
And misty glories are from darkness spun ;  
As when the high rich-cargued galleon  
Of day departs, and all her pageant follows,  
And in the fields the evening flight of swallows  
Earns them the rest that else was lightly won.

So beautiful is she ; with such sweet splendour  
Open her eyes from sleep, or smile on anger,  
Or with such graciousness as flow'rs own, render  
Homage to sorrow or to heavy languour.  
But if she wakes to tears, or smiles in sleeping,  
'Tis one to me, for either sets me weeping.

## TO THE POETS

### TO THE POETS

MASTERS and makers of language, kings of song !

Each brings his tribute to you, as I must

Bring mine—this little heap of fugitive dust,

In feeble praise of you, who were so strong.

Aye, you were strong : your spirit hands did break

Earth's tough material structure. Like the cloud

Lifting at dayrise its reluctant shroud

From the blue bosom of the sun-kissed lake,

So, by your hands dispersed, this tyrannous veil

Was rapt and parted and your brimming eyes

Suffered the light and knew a splendid change.

For in your verse life all transfigured lies,

And strange is true, and truth no longer strange,

And there is magic in the humblest tale.

## INTERFLOW

### TO A CERTAIN POET

LAY down the veil : the vision 's ended,  
The vision keen, the vision splendid.  
Quickly the flame dies down ; so must  
Thy heart's red embers turn to dust.

In barren souls, and darkened places ;  
In bitter, unillumined faces ;  
In the waste mind, where shadows grope  
About the bier of shrouded hope ;

In the half-night of sombre hollows,  
Where fear beckons, and terror follows ;  
In every man who lives alone,  
His slow heart growing into stone,

If still some trace of the old love lingers,  
Therein with thy magician's fingers  
Scatter a handful and no more  
Of the dust that lies on the temple floor.

Our spirit faints, the whole world sickens.  
We need the word that stabs and quickens.  
Go, stab thyself ! and ere thou die  
Come back, pale boy, and prophesy.

## THE APPROACH OF LOVE

### THE APPROACH OF LOVE

FOR many weeks I've seen him coming nearer.

At first he hovered, timid as a bird,  
And started back at every sound he heard,  
Queer wing-heeled boy! But this, in truth, is queerer,  
That it escaped me he was growing clearer;  
So clear now and so close! His cheek is furred  
With down, and with desire his breast is stirred.  
And he is dear to me and each day dearer.

Almost to-night I seem to feel his breath  
Hot and sweet in my face. A mad swift thrill  
Rushes to my heart, and all the world stands still.  
Love, is it thou? I ask. He nothing saith,  
But round me of a sudden his young arm clingeth,  
And lip to lip and spirit to spirit springeth.

## INTERFLOW

TO ——

SWEETHEART ! It really is fit food for thought,  
That though already I 've written you a sonnet,  
I still don't know your Christian name, and on it  
I therefore cannot spin the rhymes I ought.  
(Rhyme spinning on Christian names is merry sport !)  
But, Christian names apart, yoursurname'sdone it.  
Like a melodious bee in an empty bonnet.  
It occupies my foolish brains. I 'm caught !

I 'm caught at last ! I can't hold out any longer !  
When first I saw you, I knew what it would be.  
For fifteen months I kept my head. But see,  
I 'm on my knees to you. You are the stronger.  
For all your slenderness of limb and feature  
You 've mastered me—you Christian-nameless  
creature !

## BEFORE THE DAWN

### BEFORE THE DAWN

THE mist is still upon the fields. Ah, go !

Go quickly, sweet ! before the eaves-dropping sun

Surprise our secret from us. What is done

Is done for ever, ever must be so.

Come, shed no tears ; for tears can be of no

Avail to ravel that which time hath spun.

But pray that the little love which we have won

From envious time may in time's despite grow.

Be it thy prayer and mine, no source of tears !

What if we pray in lifelong loneliness ?

I shall encounter thee in Paradise.

Thy spirit radiant in its immortal dress

Shall be appointed unto me, the prize

Of stripling Love, who outlasts the giant years.

## INTERFLOW

### LOVE IN MAY

THE hills lie sleeping in the hot spring sun ;  
And, as enchanted by some lazy charm,  
We two lie dreaming, till the day is done  
And the cool evening leads us to the farm.

O sweet long days, each longer than the last !  
O sweet still nights, when through the window wide  
Steals the warm breeze, and all the day just passed  
Is like a dream remembered by thy side !

O silent rapture, growing with the dawn !  
When I awake to see the first pale rays  
Fall timidly upon thy cheek and fawn  
About thy clustering hair in suppliant ways !

Sweet days ! sweet nights ! alas, the end comes soon ;  
Too soon the vision spends itself and dies ;  
Too soon the morning passes into noon,  
And Love goes lamely in an altered guise.

## A MESSAGE FROM HIS LOVE

### A MESSAGE FROM HIS LOVE

OUT of encircling silence grows  
Thy soft voice of a sudden, friend ;  
Thy self, like windy fragrance, blows,  
The fragrance of a garden rose,  
Blows on me. And my soul is wrought  
To sudden and uplifting thought,  
And her uneasy time is at an end.

Across the Italian lakes it came,  
By Alpine passes, and above  
The darkened plain of France, a flame  
By starlight running to its aim.  
And now the early morning breeze  
Hath brought it over chilly seas  
To me at waking—‘ I am with thee, Love.’

## INTERFLOW

### FOREBODING

Lo, from the dark my candle shining gravely  
Wins for me her gold and spends it bravely.  
Breathes but the night, so must she quake and  
gutter.

Ah me! how frail the flame, the dark how utter!

So you stand, a little dim flame burning  
In my soul, whereunto I returning  
Grope my ways through dark and sad approaches,  
Crumbling paths where the wild sea encroaches.

Ah! the fear that some day in the forest  
In the dangerous places thou abhorrest,  
I'll be seeking, solitary, grimly,  
While at home thy light fails, flickering dimly.

Ah! if ever I should lose thy golden  
Glimmer in my soul, if un beholden  
Thou shouldst die, alone and unattended,—  
Love is dead in me and hope is ended.

## DEPARTURE

### DEPARTURE

HERE, where all ways together meet,  
Here must we halt, make our farewells ;  
And while with lightly jingling bells  
Your carriage fares along the street,  
Here must I stand, until the beat  
Of horses' hooves no longer tells  
That you are near, and silence knells  
Death to the old life and the sweet.

O, hardly, hardly, hardly dies  
What could not die within my heart,  
Did Time not know the cruel art  
Of crushing useless poignancies.  
There will be many heavèd sighs,  
And many times the old wound will start,  
And many times I will go apart  
To let the hot tears blind my eyes.

## INTERFLOW

### CRI DU COEUR

It cannot ever be again !  
O Love, is this the last sad epitaph  
Of all my hopes, of all my joy and pain ?  
Never to watch again  
Thy sweet lips parted for the low sweet laugh,  
Nor kiss away the tears that thou couldst not refrain.  
The cup stood brimming full for me to quaff,  
And now—it cannot ever be again !

It cannot ever be again !  
Why do I sit here, by the perished fire  
In this cold room, with sick and fevered brain ?  
Never to thrill again,  
Like the poor broken lyre  
Hanging forlorn in the deserted fane,  
To that deft touch which only could inspire  
Its trembling chords to every passionate strain.

## LOVE REMEMBERED

### LOVE REMEMBERED

I HAD forgotten how, in long past days,  
I threw the reins loose on love's straining neck,  
And, when my chariot came to sudden wreck,  
For my escape I gave God coward's praise.  
I had forgotten those enfevered ways,  
The haggard hours, when I did nothing reck  
But how I might be ever at love's beck,  
Serving love's latest whim, love's maddest craze.

These things I had forgotten, and I deemed  
Myself the soberest votary of all,  
Who worship at the shrine of common things :  
Until you played to me, and straight it seemed  
That without love life is a barren wall  
Beside a desolate road, where no flower springs.

## INTERFLOW

### AWAKENING

So long the night,  
I had almost forgotten the day,  
When we watched the crimson light  
Of the evening fade away.

And cold and chill,  
As the endless dark of the north,  
There gathered about my will  
A cloud of dull wrath.

Unlock me the treasure,  
Dear child, who hast taught me again  
The sorrow of smiles and the pleasure  
Hid in the heart of pain !

## IN A ROOM

### IN A ROOM

I LIKE best when you lie at my feet  
In front of a low red fire,  
And the room is dim-lighted and sweet  
With the smell of your old black briar.

I like best when your fingers travel  
Over the red-lit pages,  
Hard at work to unravel  
Secrets of other ages.

And the kettle is vexed, and persists  
In steaming a stern disapproval  
Of such methods of work, and insists  
On its instant removal.

I like best to look up at the ceiling  
And watch with vague eyes  
The shadows come silently stealing  
To take the firelight by surprise,

Pouncing out from their dark hiding-places  
Like ghostly black kittens at play ;  
When he scolds them they mock and make faces  
And scamper away.

## INTERFLOW

I like best to lie still and dream  
Of a long-ago nursery bed,  
And the fire as it used to seem  
To a little drowsyhead ;

And to hear all the while on my right  
The patter of filmy feet,  
As your thoughts flutter down and alight  
Thick and fast on the written sheet.

So I doze, and you write, till an ember  
Falls noisily into the grate,  
And I come back to life and remember  
That dinner's at eight.

## OLD LOVE

### OLD LOVE

I NEVER saw the stars so bright;  
They never shone before with such fierce light  
As on this cold, clear night.

It seems to me that up till now  
My life has been content always to flow  
Too sluggishly, too slow.

To-night I'll live, I'll love, I'll taste  
Joys unattempted yet. My blood's afire. O waste  
Of my hot youth! Haste, haste!

Lifting the latchet of the gate,  
Something within me bids me stand and wait  
Before it be too late.

The quiet sky, with stars aflame,—  
Did I not see it long ago the same,  
When my Love named my name?

O Heaven! What sin is this,  
To sell my memories of unstained bliss  
For one polluted kiss!

Back to the curtained room, the glow  
Of warm fireside, the old books that I know,  
And my Love of long ago.

## INTERFLOW

### SPRING DAY

(ON THE MALVERN HILLS)

Down the dust-ridden highroads go  
The windy turmoils of the spring,  
Tost back and forth and to and fro,  
Tempestuously echoing.

High, high, above the smooth swept hills,  
Cloud following cloud from the clear North,  
Borne onward silent, stately, still,  
Fares out and forth, fares out and forth.

Here in a sun-warmed sheltered place  
I lie midway 'tween gods and men,  
Above their blind and furious race,  
Beneath their universal ken.

## FEBRUARY MORNING

### FEBRUARY MORNING

LET me upon the Future and the Past  
My soul's eyes no more cast ;  
Let me, beholding hedges stript and trees  
Naked to the Northern breeze,  
Unbare me 'neath the frost-blue even as these.

Hard is the ringing road, pale the hoar fields,  
Still the white mist-robe shields  
Each shrinking hollow ; scarcely has the sun  
His young dominion won.  
Scarce do the feeble clouds before him run.

It is sufficient. In this moment I  
Question no by and by.  
It does content me that the morning air  
Is keen, that everywhere  
Some spirit is moving, blithe and sweet and rare.

### THE MIRACLE

FROM a chasm carved in brown crumbling earth,  
A red bare rent in the green hillside,  
A hungry fissure lean and dried,  
Like a cruel scar or an ugly weal,  
Or an obstinate wound that will not heal,  
There came a wonderful thing to birth—  
A thin clear stream, that tumbled down  
From the tip of this tongue of thirsting brown,  
Over ice-worn boulders and sculptured ledge,  
And gravelled shallows and marshy sedge,  
A mischievous little imp of an elf,  
Jumping from shelf to rocky shelf,  
Here a moment and then down there,  
With drops of water for locks of hair,  
And the twinkling feet of a water-gnome,  
And a thin-spun shirt of gossamy foam.  
Swiftly down the steep he fled,  
Till he slipped and fell in his pebbly bed.  
Then over he rolled upon the ground  
Faster and faster and round and round,  
With snatches of laughter and catches of song,  
As he found himself merrily bouncing along,  
Flinging defiance at the breeze,  
'For you', said he, 'are old and wheeze,

## THE MIRACLE

And, however you puff and however you blow,  
You can't stop me where I want to go !'  
Then all at once the little rover  
Reached a tall cliff and slid right over,  
And fell into a deep, clear pool,  
Sunny and yet most sweet and cool.  
And there he lay for an hour or more,  
Breathless upon its sandy floor.  
But I've no breath left to tell anything, save  
That he grew to be solemn and grand and grave,  
And at last (I'm afraid you must take it from me)  
He went down soberly into the sea.

## INTERFLOW

### LINES WRITTEN AT WASTDALE HEAD

THE Pageantry  
Of the mid-night sky  
In summer, when the clouds are few,  
From evening  
Till the dawn-birds sing  
Streams statelily past the darkling blue.

The mountains dark  
Keep silence. Hark !  
There is no sound in all their places.  
They fear to wake  
The slumberous lake  
That lies moon-charmed in their embraces.

## AN AUTUMN SONG

### AN AUTUMN SONG

Who can feel sorrow  
In wind and rain,  
When the hill-tops borrow  
Sun from the plain,  
And swift after cloud  
Cloud follows apace,  
And the Heavens are loud  
With the song of their chase?

A rout of red leaves  
Whirls past and away,  
As the twilight retrieves  
Her lost share in the day.  
And who can feel sorrow  
In wind and rain,  
Though a stormy to-morrow  
Brings both back again?

## INTERFLOW

### NOCTURNE

THE summits of the western hills  
Are red with western fire.  
Now memory of old love kills  
The strength of new desire.  
Now, as the face of him loved best,  
My manhood fails and falls,  
And new-awakened in my breast  
The child-soul stirs and calls.

There is a music in the sky,  
And earth lies still to hear,  
While Heaven's ethereal harmony  
Sweeps on its high career.  
Are not the stones all listening,  
And every restless leaf?  
And my own eyes are glistening  
With tears, but not for grief.

Night gathers on the glooming sea,  
And like a ship becalmed  
Not yet on slow wing comes to me ;  
She too, it seems, is charmed.

## NOCTURNE

And there is time to rest, as who,  
Enchanted in the waving fern,  
Sees one star glimmer in the blue ;  
No more can he discern.

And somewhere Time himself has stayed  
His feet and lies asleep ;  
And round him, who must be obeyed,  
Slow hours impatient creep.  
And rapt afar one worker stands  
Leaving his task undone ;  
In his frail glass the ceaseless sands  
Have ceased awhile to run.

Of late I drew my breath and sighed ;  
My eyes were wet with tears.  
But I have lightly laid aside  
The vestiture of years.  
Now, as a mother's arms uphold  
Her children to her face,  
Earth's fastnesses and valleys fold  
Myself in their embrace.

Ah, wonderful to me and strange  
Forgetfulness of pain !  
Faint presage of that greater change,  
Which all things shall sustain.  
Meantime the dew shines on the leaf,  
The moonlight through the sea-born spray,  
And life's small bitterness and grief  
Are less to me than they.

## INTERFLOW

### OTIA DIA

LAZILY lie we in the long deep grass,  
Watching the clouds, one by one, slowly pass,  
Seeking nothing, seeing nothing, but the waving  
grass and sky,  
Cradled in these thyme-sweet meadows, dreaming,  
dreaming, till we die.

Soft as the breathing of a child asleep,  
Sadder than the saddest tears men weep,  
Sweet as honey, pure as silver, stranger than each  
day's new birth,  
Music—breathes and trembles always in the un-  
trodden parts of earth.

Labour an hour, then rest and toil no more.  
What need of aching limbs, hearts bruised and sore?  
Vain it is to seek for ever ; leave the undiscovered  
good ;  
Rest is here, beside the river and the magic-haunted  
wood.

## RED WINE OF SUNSET

### RED WINE OF SUNSET

FOR an hour past I have watched alone  
    The pale gold at the river bend  
Redden into a deeper tone,  
    Betokening the end.

In a brief while the carmine tint  
    Must perish in the grey half-light,  
And the stream will take a leaden glint  
    From the coming of night.

Could I stay the sun by some wizardry .  
    For a lazy hour at the world's red rim,  
Ere he dips under the cloud-sea,  
    The stars following him.

Could I lie here as I lie now,  
    Like a jewel dropped from the blazing skies  
On the bosom of earth, I might loose somehow  
    My shamefullest ties.

Like a pearl dropped in a golden bowl,  
    I might almost think in the sun's red wine  
Melting the substance of my soul  
    To find the divine.

## INTERFLOW

### ‘THE LONG CLOUDS STRETCH OVER THE HILLS’

THE long clouds stretch over the hills,  
Behind which, out of my sight, even now the sun is  
setting.  
As for me, I am under the shadow of the great  
mountains ;  
Darkness is upon me, and the first oncomings of  
night,  
And the cold wind of the evening, which comes down  
from the passes at nightfall,  
Mocking my desire for the spring,  
Because of the promise which has thrilled the air all  
day long.

But the long clouds, stretching over the hills,  
They see what I cannot see—the sun  
Setting on the other side of the great mountains.  
Though I stand up and cry aloud :  
O ye clouds, ye who stretch over the hills,  
Take me up into the blue heaven, where I may lie  
at my ease with you,  
With you beholding the sun as he goes down to his  
rest behind the great mountains,  
No answer comes in the wide, bare silence,  
The silence of night approaching the day and of day  
watching the night.

## ‘LONG CLOUDS STRETCH OVER HILLS’

Nevertheless, in the clouds stretching over the hills  
My answer is given me, there my answer is written,  
Not in words, but as a painter puts his message  
into a picture,

Plain and clear to all, were it not for the many who  
cannot see;

Or as the Beloved in the face down-turned to the  
lover

Answers him without words, with a look, a smile, a  
quiet regard;

In such manner have I read my answer,  
Not so much to the foolish words, but to the un-  
spoken yearning behind them.

O splendid clouds, ye who stretch over the hills,  
Burning and glowing with all and more than all the  
colours of bright flame,

Ye beautiful slumberers, ravished by the sun’s last  
rays,

Ye transfigured victims of his passionate embraces,  
Ye, who, dying, encumber the serene air,  
Strewn wreckage of love on the surface of the un-  
.impassioned blue—

If in me, who behold only the reflected glory,  
Your loveliness wrenches at the strings of my being,  
How should I behold *his* glory, *his* loveliness,  
How endure his love?

Ye splendid clouds, ye who stretch over the hills,  
Who burn and glow and are ravished by the dying  
sun,

Ye are his creatures; he made you that he might  
again unmake you;

## INTERFLOW

He made you for this end, to die gloriously in the  
calm evening sky,  
To be his witness, to testify to his love,  
Before the unseeing eyes, the unconsidering mind.  
When I saw him by day, I cried out and covered  
my eyes,  
And was glad when the sombre clouds hid him  
from my sight.  
Fool that I was ! Now comes the thankless dark,  
And the sombre clouds are no longer sombre but  
beautiful,  
Because they have found favour before him.

I am answered. I have read my answer aright.  
Look ! even now, the colours are fading,  
The clouds, a moment ago so splendid,  
Once more are sombre, their cold forms are  
surrendered to the night.  
But as for me, I shall not forget,  
I will watch all the night long until the dawn.  
When he comes I will greet him with a song,  
With eyes and heart all on fire with love.  
I will spread my arms wide, I will cast myself on  
the ground before him,  
I will not avoid him, I will be glad and not ashamed,  
And he will raise me up.

## MOUNTAIN, FOREST, AND PLAIN

### MOUNTAIN, FOREST, AND PLAIN

AMONG the mountains, in the moving mists,  
Old men see strange faces, children dream strange  
dreams;  
In the hill-wind, blowing where it lists,  
Old men hear wild voices, children hear wild  
screams.  
When the heavy winter, labouring and slow,  
Lifts the pall of rain, and lays the counterpane of  
snow,  
Dreams and visions, ecstasies and fears  
Vanish from the sun and his array of sparkling  
spears.

Among the forests, when the day's at end,  
Old men sit beside the fire and watch the flicker-  
ing flames;  
Those that go musing, where tree and shadow blend,  
Hear softly whispered old half-familiar names.  
Sleeping in the forest, in an ancient room,  
Whose secret casements open out upon the wood-  
land gloom,  
Children all the night long hear beneath the eaves  
Murmurs of an ancient world which haunts the  
ancient leaves.

## INTERFLOW

Not upon the mountain, neither in the wood,  
Comes the clearest vision, freest dream of fear and  
    pain ;  
Free comes the dream to man, clearly understood,  
    When he labours at his work upon the ripening  
    plain ;  
When in one endeavour bended back and brow  
Bring all his labour to fulfilment here and now,  
God speaks him clearest, and the voice he hears  
Likest is to man's voice heard across the flooding  
    years.

God walks in the fields and on the low foot-hills.  
    Knee-deep in the corn He walks and knee-deep in  
    the brook ;  
His hand it is that turns the great windmills,  
    His breath passed across the plain, when all the  
    grass-heads shook.  
Old men see Him walking, as the sun goes down,  
And a man may gaze upon the light and yet not  
    frown.  
There have I, too, seen Him ; Him my sun-blest  
    eyes  
Saw, the Gardener, in His Garden, at His mysteries.

## ‘A BOAT OF SILVER’

### ‘A BOAT OF SILVER’

A BOAT of silver on a sleeping sea !  
It is a wind from Paradise that blows  
This silver ship across the sea to me,  
A dream-wind—where it lit no ripple rose,  
No ripple is risen on the sleeping sea ;  
Yet still the boat draws nearer glidingly,  
A dream-boat—’tis a dream without a close !

## INTERFLOW

### ‘I HEARD A VOICE’

I HEARD a voice that fell from note to note,  
Like falling water from ledge to mossgrown ledge.  
From the blue sky it fell, from a bird’s throat,  
Thin ribbon of sweet sound ; and at the edge  
Of a deep pool of silence faltered, where the lilies  
float.

## ON LEAVING OXFORD

### ON LEAVING OXFORD

Lo, as I strayed, Time with his noiseless feet  
Has tracked me down, and found me idly sleeping.  
Lo, now he takes the lead, while I entreat  
One hour for making my good-byes and weeping.  
But he holds up his hand, and I—I feel  
The end, I hear the bells begin their last sad peal.

As one who climbs and turning unaware  
Sees at his feet the city of his dreams,  
Too late. For he must journey otherwhere,  
Who lived unseeing beside her silent streams.  
So is it, Oxford, between me and thee :  
I saw thee not, whom now for the last time I see.

A LAMENT OVER THE CITY OF LONDON

Poor aimless footsteps, all day long  
That pass my window, out of sight,  
That pause not till the summer night  
And start while still the dawn is young.

Whence do you come and whither go,  
And on what errands are you bent?  
Desire of what extreme event  
Drives you thus restless to and fro?

Were there a million secret joys  
Imprisoned in these stony lanes,  
Then could I understand your pains,  
I might interpret this mad noise.

But here joy hath not shown her face  
Since from the murky mind of man  
His blackened offspring overran  
London—that was so fair a place.

Ah! can these be the feet of those  
Who lived and loved her long ago,  
When sweet and fresh the Thames did flow,  
And she bloomed sweetly as the rose?

## A LAMENT OVER THE CITY OF LONDON

Is there among your number he  
Who sang of London as 'the flower  
Of cities all', in her fair hour  
'The jasper of jocundity'?

Nay, nay; not so unkind is Fate  
(Though Fate be cruel, as I guess).  
Him will not she, for shame, unbless;  
He knows not of our altered state.

Hangs overhead the heavy pall;  
Flows ever the drab human tide;  
The uncouth din doth not subside;  
The very stones aloud do call.

This is our state. We are thrice-blest  
If under favouring winds we see  
That still the eternal canopy  
Of azure bends from East to West.

But sometimes over slated roof  
I mark the slopes of Heaven afire.  
Ah! then flames out the old desire  
For the dear gods, who stand aloof.

## INTERFLOW

### ‘O THAT I HAD A COTTAGE ON A HILL’

O THAT I had a cottage on a hill  
With windows op’ning over a blue plain,  
Where I might rest my elbows on the sill  
And gaze abroad and read and gaze again.

O that I had a homestead ringed with trees,  
Where I might seek the sun between green boughs,  
And sit and hear all day the hum of bees,  
The songs of birds, the sounds of sheep and cows.

O that I had a great house in a park,  
Where the sun leads slow shadows o’er long lawns,  
With woods where nightingales sing after dark,  
Wrapped in red twilights and empurpling dawns.

O that I had a castle on a rock,  
Whose rooms the restless murmur of the sea  
Never forsakes, so builded as to mock  
The waves and winds and their joint enmity.

Mine is nor hillside cottage, nor deep tree-  
Embower’d farm, nor spacious country-seat,  
Nor castle on a cliff; only, ah me!  
A lodging in a noisy London street.

## LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK

### LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK

Now from the monster's entrails I have fled,  
    Into light out of dark,  
With many thousands likewise vomited  
    On common and park.

Here do we laugh and talk and wander  
    One long afternoon.  
Gold of the sun is given us to squander,  
    But 'tis spent so soon !

In Sunday splendour man and maid together  
    Stroll down each lane.  
She wears her properest feather,  
    He swings his cane.

Three hours, two hours, only one hour longer !  
    Then home we go,  
Dusty and hot and tired, but stronger  
    Than yet we know.

## INTERFLOW

### JUNE DAY

THE hills have hidden the clouds, and the birds are singing,  
And the sun is out ; and the earth is sweet after the rain ;  
And it seems as if there were neither grief nor pain  
Abroad in England to-day with the church bells ringing,  
And the flowers of June unfolding, and the green trees flinging  
Garlanded arms to the sky across the lane.

But what are rain and sun to an old blind cripple ?  
And what to me who am blind and crippled in heart ?  
He lives in a world of his own, remote and apart ;  
Small joy he has from the tiny sound of the ripple  
On the unseen lake, or the lamb at its mother's nipple,  
Or all the flowers that blossom and birds that dart.

## JUNE DAY

And I too live in a world where no sun has lighted  
With fires of love and knowledge the mists of  
despair,  
Where no sweet flowers glow in the radiant air,  
And eyes that strain in the dark are no more requited  
By a white dawn over distant mountains sighted,  
By the feet of the flaming sun on his cloudy stair.

O flowers in the park beneath my window blooming,  
O birds whose singing makes the young trees  
glorious ;  
In you are love and life revealed victorious,  
But lo ! beyond you as a veil Death glooming.  
Sweet slaves, who no immortal mien assuming  
Sing in the face of Death, sing on, incurious !

Like you I might bow down to that dark Power.  
This torrent of days might flow like a simple tale.  
But the feet of man are unresting, the feet of man  
scale  
A ladder of perilous steps in a windy tower.  
And whoso attains the summit, at his last hour  
He looketh far beyond river and hill and dale.

## INTERFLOW

### MORNING

(AT HIGHGATE)

FROM my bedroom window looking over London  
Lying in the night awake I see the stars burning.  
Through the summer darkness I mark them slowly  
turning,  
Paling from the East in quiet self-abandon.  
Now strips the Dawn countless roofs of countless  
houses,  
Simple fare for eyes which are wearied of starlight,  
Stealing up and swelling from that first faint and  
far light,  
Till the great theme bursts, and Earth her Sun  
espouses.

Marriest thou, O Sun, thy stainless splendour  
Unto the dark, the grime, the sweat-stained  
travail?  
At thy will marriest? Dost not abhor, nor cavil?  
Unto thy Lord what tale of us wilt render  
Thou at the day's end, as in angry brightness  
Turning thy back on the smoke of our city  
Thou goest homewards? Ah! not scorn, but pity  
Need we now. We need thee, thou Golden Whiteness!

## MORNING

### MORNING

(AT GOFF'S OAK)

THE wind that murmured night-long in the elm,  
The old tall elm-tree leaning to the eaves,  
Is hushed, and the moon has dipped her glowing  
helm

Under the hedge ; for a greater wonder cleaves  
The billowy clouds and rides the paling sky.  
Night dies, day lives, away all night thoughts fly.

Light and bright with the sun is the room where I  
sleep.

Light is my heart as I dress, and half-dressed lean  
Over the sill ; and sweet is the air and deep

The scent of the hay new-mown, and fresh and  
green  
The pasturage under my window, and everything  
Silent but that the cattle feed and the birds sing.

## INTERFLOW

### HOLIDAY SONG

THE fields and woods and little brooks,  
The grass, the leaves, the wide clear sky,  
The hill-tops where the clouds drift by,  
The birds and the rough song of rooks,  
The scent of hay, the smell of flowers,  
The consciousness of inner powers,  
Cleanness of sight and sense and limb,  
The spirit's eye not yet grown dim,  
The ardent soul hot to pursue  
All phantom beauties in its view,  
The ardent soul that then adored,  
That then in curving visions soared,  
Winged by desire, to some high throne,  
Where some unfancied splendour shone—  
This was a Life to dream upon !

The shining sun in the mountain tarn,  
The shining snows on the mountain height,  
The shining stars athwart the night,  
The shining moon above the tarn  
Shine on me now ! and through me pierce  
The wind that bloweth free and fierce !  
I would be as the bitten rocks,  
I would be as the grazing flocks,

## HOLIDAY SONG

The grazing flocks on the hill-brow  
Beneath the everlasting snow.

Too long have I in cities dwelt,  
Too long have I bent over books :  
I do forget how the great sea looks,  
And how the breath of the ocean smelt.  
I knew him when I was a boy,  
I knew the salt, salt taste of joy,  
His stinging kisses in my face—  
What mystery is this of place ?  
Why must I be for ever bound  
To this square patch of crowded ground ?  
I will escape, and go and taste  
Once more the breath of that salt waste.

Eastward and Westward to the sea ;  
Northward and Southward to the hills ;  
Inland, where fruitful Autumn spills  
Her store of plenty on her knee—  
It matters not which way I go  
Nor which way fall these dice I throw,  
So I re-capture innocence  
And make the past the present tense.

## INTERFLOW

### ‘IT IS OFTEN THAT I HAVE HEARD HER CALLING’

It is often that I have heard her calling

    In the evening of the day.

Often have I seen her shadow falling

    Down the westering way,

Down my road to the westward leading,

    Down the road by which I climb

Yonder, where the sun lies bleeding

    At the end of time.

It is often that I have heard her saying,

‘Will you not come back to me?’

Far have I been straying, long, long delaying;

    But wherever I might be,

Hers are all the bells I hear ringing,

    All streams which wander slow;

All flowers upon earth upspringing

    In her heart grow.

It is often that I have answered, sighing,

    As a lad sighs deep for home,

‘How shall one, the many Fates defying,

    To the one sure refuge come?

One is one, and there be many groping

    As a blind man toward the door;

But the most for all their hoping,

    See her face no more.’

‘BREAK, BREAK, THOU VASE OF CLAY !’

‘BREAK, BREAK, THOU STUBBORN  
VASE OF CLAY !’

BREAK, break, thou stubborn vase of clay !  
For I have that within me which must out.  
Oh, break, give way !

My soul is pent within thy coarse embrace,  
My soul is sick with longing for the day.  
Oh, break, give way ! thy narrow space  
Cannot contain her ; and I doubt,  
Lest like the moth, who cannot burst her case,  
She dies.

Oh, break, give way !  
I feel her feebly fluttering. She dies !  
She is a beautiful and lovely thing,  
Most fair, most piteously frail,  
And she is sick with longing for the day.  
There is such pity in her eyes,  
Such music in her voice, as might avail  
To charm our grief away :  
And yet, or ever she hath taken wing,  
She dies, she dies !

O prison, how canst thou imprison her ?  
Thou art of Earth and she of God, I ween.

## INTERFLOW

How is it that thou art so strong,  
And she with all her strength so passing weak ?  
Oh, who can say ?  
Surely awhile in Heaven she hath been,  
And she of Heavenly things would surely speak,  
And charm our grief away.  
But ah ! she lieth still, she doth not stir.  
O prison, thou hast kept her overlong.  
She dies !

## SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

### SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

BELTED with indistinguishable clouds  
Rose a great Mountain ; and about his base  
I saw the afterdust of marching crowds ;  
I saw the sunlight in his great stone face.

Then journeyed I across the desert plain,  
And came, and sat upon a rock, and saw  
A pale moonrise, a red sun on the wane,  
And heard a distant murmuring of war.

And grew a noise of battle in the land ;  
And gathered armies, black against the west,  
Whose purple shadows stretched upon the sand  
Long shapes of slanting spear and monstrous  
crest.

So, while I watched, and while the red sun shone,  
And blood and sunlight mingled, their great cry  
Troubled the evening stillness, and was gone,  
And night poured downwards on them from the  
sky.

Then journeyed I across the desert plain  
From the great Mountain ; and about his base  
I felt a silence in the land again ;  
I saw the moonlight on his great stone face.

## INTERFLOW

### USQUE QUO, DOMINE ?

IN the grey morning light,  
Before the yellow sun  
Had set the waiting pines alight,  
My work was begun.

In the white midday glare,  
When the brazen heat  
Fiercely smote and would not spare,  
Hard was the way for my feet.

When the golden afternoon  
Bathed in warm radiance  
The man and his work, I thought, 'Soon  
Cometh deliverance.'

As the sun sinking into the west  
Illumined his couch  
With splendours, I groaned for my rest,  
'I have worked overmuch.'

Nevertheless, till the stars  
Blazoned God in the sky,  
The grand 'scutcheon no man's hand mars,  
I put not my labour by.

## USQUE QUO, DOMINE?

All was dark and dimly clear,  
And the air was blowing sweet,  
When the summons came to my ear  
And my work was complete.

## INTERFLOW

### IN A BAR OF MUSIC

A **FLASH** of gold  
Beneath the dark weight of leaves,  
Where the sun weaves  
A pattern as new as old ;  
A bird's trill,  
Heard in the garden at noon  
And stilled as soon  
By the silence it sought to fill.

A smile, a look  
Making one the loved and the lover,  
Could he recover  
Only the shape that it took ;  
A smile, a caress  
Of her hand, a kiss found on her mouth,  
Like dew to the drouth  
Of lips in the wilderness.

A brief light,  
Fancied or seen on the sea,  
Breaking free  
From the restraint of night ;

## IN A BAR OF MUSIC

A truant mood,  
A flight of the nun from her cell,  
From the convent bell,  
From the stool, and the gloomy rood.

Something sad,  
Withal not asking tears,  
Growing through the years,  
Waking when the heart is glad ;  
Something grand,  
Which confounds and makes foolish the wise,  
Whoever denies  
*He* cannot understand.

Seeing I capture  
Glories which blinded thought ;  
My ears have caught  
Echoes of senseless rapture.  
Listen ! I praise  
God with the God in me.  
How may this be ?  
Mind answers not, but obeys.

QUIA IMPOSSIBLE

ALWAYS my life seems strange to me,  
This 'I' at myself wondering,  
This unaccountable 'to be',  
This old incarnate mystery,—  
So wonderful a thing.

Yet not more strange to me than death;  
Death tells this so fantastic tale,  
That with the passing of my breath  
The flower of my life withereth,  
And all my senses fail.

But strangest is that dream, which says  
That death is no true death at all,  
A prelude unto glorious days,  
When life shall flow a million ways,  
Each way be magical.

## THE THREE DREAMS

### THE THREE DREAMS

‘For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumberings upon the bed.’

Job xxxiv. 14.

I DREAMED one night  
    Of long departed days.  
I dreamed of lost delight,  
    Lost gods, lost praise.  
And when I did awake  
Earth was more beautiful for my dream’s sake.

All day the sun  
    Embroidered the green earth  
With gold, and having run  
    His course with mirth  
He turned his face away,  
And night came graciously to crown the day.

Then to my bed  
    Most joyously I went,  
And kneeling down I said,  
    ‘God, Who hast sent  
Sweet visions unto me,  
Grant that this night they may still sweeter be.’

## INTERFLOW

There came a change  
    Into my dreams that night.  
Dreadful they were, and strange ;  
    And a bitter blight  
Fell on my heart's glad field  
    And withered in one night its sun-blessed yield.

All day I kept  
    Their legacy of pain.  
All day the grey skies wept  
    Mists of grey rain.  
Night fell, and dumb grief still  
    Shrouded my heart as grey clouds shroud a hill.

But pitying  
    God sent me a third dream,  
Whereby Death lost its sting,  
    Earth her false gleam.  
And the old truth stood plain :  
    The heart which hath not ached, it beats in vain.

## LAMENTABILE

### LAMENTABILE

By the long road the tall grass waves and sighs ;  
Over the plain one wheeling seagull cries.  
How can love grow or any passion rise  
On this bare earth and under these grey skies ?

When the dawn broke, no fires flamed in the East,  
No trumpets blared, no great rich-coloured feast  
Of cloud and sunlight spread ; but darkness ceased  
And slowly the wan light of day increased.

Hour of sunset ! Hour of mockery !  
Instead of splendours in the sky and sea,  
Nothing but this dim drear monotony  
Deepening beneath, around, and over me.

Once I believed that some day I should come  
To a new country, and there make my home  
Among great hills, which some have seen, but some  
Have fallen by the wayside stark and dumb.

Alas, alas ! hope's last flower droops and dies.  
Life drones on feebly through dead memories.  
Yet clings my mind to this one weak surmise  
—Somewhere God waits me with His great surprise.

## INTERFLOW

### REMONSTRANCE

Ah, have done with waiting !  
Ah, sleep not longer !  
See ! through thy barred grating  
The light groweth stronger.  
Lo, of thy tale of years  
A third already  
Fallen beneath the shears  
Fate holdeth so steady.

Who lieth still asleep  
When the sun's new beaming ?  
When he clambereth out of the deep  
Is it time for dreaming ?  
Are there no tasks that call  
Out for thy labour ?  
Carest thou not at all  
For the pains of thy neighbour ?

God help thee, slumberer,  
At thy near reckoning !  
Surely thou wert happier  
To have obeyed His beckoning.  
Bethink thee, slumberer ;  
On him who dreameth  
The end cometh speedier  
Than e'er he deemeth.

## REMONSTRANCE

How will it be, if Death  
Find thee still unheeding?  
What answer delivereth  
Such an one to thy pleading?  
Simply to thy 'Sleep was sweet',  
Silent of praise or blame,  
He draweth back the sheet,  
Strippeth bare the shame.

## INTERFLOW

### THERE IS A ROAD RUNS THROUGH THE LANDS OF SLEEP

THERE is a road runs through the lands of sleep,  
Endless and full of mystery ; 'tis white  
With dust of ages, and thereon each night  
Alone I travel. Either side rise steep  
And towering cliffs, where hands of giants heap  
Boulder on boulder. Feeble is the light  
Of stars above my head. Grim shapes affright,  
And nameless terrors lurking in the deep  
Black caverns by the way. Each night I see  
Footprints behind me, the long tracks of years,  
The untrod dust before : and oft would flee  
Yielding my path to those invading fears,  
But that I cannot turn, nor do I know  
More whence I came than whither I must go.

## WISDOM DRAWN FROM LADEN YEARS

### WISE WITH THE WISDOM DRAWN FROM LADEN YEARS

WISE with the wisdom drawn from laden years  
Are you, my Mother ; foolish still am I,  
Like the poor fledgling that in act to fly  
Falls to the ground and steals some baby's tears.  
And still my childish soul is ruled by fears,  
Not yet dispersed by cool self-mastery ;  
Still do vague longings flicker dumbly by,  
Still broods distrust and slinks from fancied sneers.

Wise though you are, you have not guessed at this !  
You think I stand alone, self-confident,  
Doubtful in nothing, a rock in shifting seas.  
You do not guess that with each casual breeze  
My spirit flutters to the firmament,  
Swoons on the bitter brink of the abyss.

WHAT GIFT HAST THOU, O WORLD  
WHERE NO STARS GLOW

WHAT gift hast thou, O world where no stars glow,  
For me, who still put forth blind hands in vain,  
For me, whose love goes and comes not again,  
For me, who have fulfilled no tortur'd vow,  
Who being bound to this eternal Now,  
Grope back and forward, striving to regain  
Pure Past or Future purified of pain,  
And find no light or sign to show me how ?

‘ I have three gifts for thee—death, pain, and fear.  
In fear and pain thou shalt walk all thy days,  
And at the end thereof bow down to death.  
These be as tokens. Who delivereth  
All three at Heaven’s door, to him ablaze  
With love and life and joy God shall appear.’

‘QU’AS-TU FAIT?’

‘QU’AS-TU FAIT?’

ALAS! with my own hands I have undone  
Childhood’s long treasured, slowly woven dream.  
Myself I have defiled the holy stream  
And poisoned all its fountains, one by one.  
Alas, alas! What penance can atone,  
What penance can bring back th’ departed  
gleam?  
The fire is out; even though the ashes seem  
Aglow, it is but seeming. Love is gone.  
  
And yet—still beauty lives in sound and sight.  
Still do great suns burn red in opal skies,  
And thrust through forests shafts of splendid light.  
Nay, even in man-made prisons Beauty lies,  
Adorèd in captivity. Vain plight!  
She gives her body, but her soul denies.

## PAGAN PRAYER

Now, of all those who walked upon Greek soil,  
    Hear me, some god or goddess, and be kind !  
    Teach my tired limbs and spirit how to find  
Contentment even in the midst of toil.  
As naked youngsters, glistening with warm oil,  
    Wrestled beneath the sun, so shall my mind,  
    Stripped of dark humours and with Truth en-  
        twined,  
Stand up to struggle. Else white arms will coil  
About me and about me and allure ;  
    And I shall soon forget, that once I strode  
Forward with the best, and deem hired kisses sweet.  
O spirit that can such sicknesses endure !  
    'Tis ill for thee to halt beside the road,  
    'Tis ill for thee to sleep in the noonday heat.

## MISGIVING

### MISGIVING

WHAT profit I, though my lips form  
Words that no child can understand ?  
What profit, though deft phrases swarm  
Down the quick pen held in my hand ?  
What honour from the few deserves  
This cold brain and its staff of nerves ?

What gain indeed ! if that pure sense  
Has perished from the growing soul,  
Wherewith it felt God's immanence  
Throughout the huge unmastered whole,  
If, grown proficient in the act,  
It lacks what then it had not lacked.

## INTERFLOW

### A PENNY WHISTLE

I HEARD in the village to-day  
A penny whistle piping,  
Piping not sweet but clear.  
And another tune I seemed to hear,  
A tune boy-friends were piping,  
Long ago, far away.

Little things, O little things !  
Nought of value owning,  
Simple, naked, plain.  
Time, who else comes not again,  
One of you, nought owning,  
Back obedient brings.

## AMANS AMARE

### AMANS AMARE

THERE was a time, when I was glad  
    Of sun and sky, and bursting meadow.  
And these are still ; yet I am sad,  
    For 'tis the bright day throws the shadow.

There was a time, when I received  
    The wind's warm kisses, well contented,  
And not the briefest while believed  
    That I and Love might be prevented.

Surely there is a secret spring,  
    A spring of evil in my being,  
Which taints each once-blest earthly thing,  
    And taints the once-blest pow'r of seeing.

Or wherefore can I no more love,  
    I wretched, who for Love am longing ?  
I set him all gods else above ;  
    Him have I wronged not, all else wronging.

Oh, bitter tale I have to tell !  
    I seek for Love and have not found him.  
And yet I know his face full well  
    And all the beauties that surround him.

## INTERFLOW

I am most like in state to those  
Whom God drove from the fabled garden.  
For me the thorn upon the rose  
Pricks and the tender pathways harden,

Who carry always in my heart  
Some sweet of memory madly stinging,  
The echo of a once-learned part  
For ever in my ears ringing.

O Love ! I know thou art a boy,  
And winged, and bearest bow and quiver.  
But blind thou art not ! Grief and joy  
Are thine to give, the only giver.

Thou art not blind ! Else would it chance,  
That joy and grief fell out together,  
And lovers' eyes would glow and glance  
With the swift change of April weather.

Nay, nay ! thou hast thy chosen slaves,  
Thy favourite, whom thou dost dower  
With the fair sight of thee, who laves  
His body in thee, like a flower—

A daffodil, where daffodils  
 Crowd by the little steep-banked stream,  
 And the spring sun serenely fills  
 Each cup of quick gold to the brim,

In some enchanted month, when days  
Drop slow and sweet as falling honey,  
And not a frown in heav'n betrays  
That life is ever else than sunny.

## AMANS AMARE

Fair as a flower is he of face,  
Light as a leaf by loose airs driven.  
His being is all lit with grace,  
And all his grace of thee is given.

Such is thy favourite. He knows  
Thee lying down, and thee up-rising,  
And where thou goest with thee goes,  
Nor seeks, as I seek, agonising

In lonely woods and lonely plains,  
And wind-swept tracks on lonely mountains,  
And gardens, where are tangled lanes  
And broken Herms and weed-choked fountains,  
And green-topped pools, whose marble lips  
Are cracked with age ; and here a column  
Stands ruinous, there a lizard slips  
Beneath the fallen stones, and solemn

With the great burden of the past  
He bears upon his weary shoulders  
Time rests, unearthly still, at last,  
Where all of man's contriving moulders.

Not such the ways which thou dost haunt,  
Who not alone in lonely places  
Wandering upliftest thy romaint,  
But girt with worshippers and graces,

With whose full voices thy sweet voice  
Mingles, thyself not least delighting  
And those, who in thy train rejoice,  
The slave-guests of thy own inviting.

## INTERFLOW

—Peace, peace, thou too unquiet heart !  
If haply through the trees thou hearest  
Faint and far-off the tones which part  
Each from the friend he has thought dearest ;

If haply, in some sudden glade,  
Thou seest, one immortal moment,  
The glory which can never fade,  
The beauty which is ceaseless torment ;

Shut, shut thy eyes, and stop thy ears,  
And run as swiftly as a prayer.  
What else will Love bring thee but tears,  
Tears and burnings and despair ?

Halting in an accustomed place,  
Say this : ' I have escaped disaster.  
My fathers were a stubborn race ;  
Like them I will be my own master.

' I was not born to be a slave,  
To sell my manhood for caresses,  
Though sweet as any Eros gave  
To Psyche after her distresses.

' Why should I be a slave to Love,  
When manlier joys and sterner beauties  
Are his, who leaves this charméd grove  
And treads the world of common duties ? '

Ah ! if thou canst, say this, and then  
Bid Love good-bye, good-bye to pleasure,  
And pass into the world of men,  
And shape thy life to its hard measure.

## AMANS AMARE

There, all thy strength and wisdom tasked,

There, at thy work among thy fellows,

It may be Love will come unasked,

As poppies, when the harvest yellows.

## INTERFLOW

### ‘WHEN I WAS A BOY’

WHEN I was a boy, I went fishing all the day  
Where a brown stream trickled through the peat.  
Few and very small were the trout that came my  
way,  
    But that mattered not to me,  
    For I caught them joyfully,  
Singing, Little fishes are the best to eat !

When I was a boy, I made a-many rhymes,  
    And I wrote them down every one,  
And I sung them over a-many many times,  
    And I sung my joyfullest,  
    For home-made songs are best,  
Singing, O the life before me, scarce begun !

Then, then it was, I dreamed through many an hour,  
    Through the long, long hours of the day.  
But the boy is as the leaf, and the man is as the  
    flower,  
    And the dreams of little boys,  
    They may make a mighty noise  
In a world where the grown men play.

## THE GARDEN AND THE LAND

### THE GARDEN AND THE LAND

I saw a Garden. It was both wide and fair.  
It was so fair, that sick men might be healed  
With looking on it all one tranquil day.  
It was so wide, that one might wander there  
From the sunrise to the sunset without stay.  
But it was closed to me ; its doors were sealed.

I saw a Land. It was the home of Beauty.  
Therein did every Art a pinnacle touch,  
And on each pinnacle set a poised Endeavour ;  
Therein was Life an Art, no more a Duty ;  
And that bright spirit in man no more did crouch  
Shame-faced, but leaped and sparkled on for ever.

Me from that Land, but looking back and longing,  
Led the stern angel, Destiny. It faded ;  
It grew as dim as any long-told story.  
Garden and Land are memories now, belonging  
To old times but still tinct with the old glory.  
Memories are sweet, though heart and soul be jaded.

## INTERFLOW

### LINES WRITTEN TO MUSIC

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'LIEDER OHNE WORTE,' No. 22)

Love, thou that bruiseſt, nor healeſt,  
Thou that ashamedly into me stealeſt,  
Thou that turneſt my heart into flame,  
Go back, go back, O Love, by the way that thou  
cameſt!

Nay, go! thou art cruel and wilt not spare.  
Love, thy way is hard for me to share.  
Nay, go! thou that makeſt my life a pain.  
Turn again  
And hearken to my prayer!

Love, that both healeſt and bruiseſt,  
Thou that askeſt not ever but chooseſt,  
Thou that turneſt men's hearts into flame,  
Hast ever, O Love, gone back by the way that thou  
cameſt?  
Ah, closed now is the way that thou cameſt!

‘MODERNITY’

‘MODERNITY’

As a train that thunders by,  
Where one still watcher leans upon a gate,  
At that quiet hour when late  
The stars long-hidden gather in the sky ;  
Past him the monster flees,  
The long smoke backward streams, lit windows race,  
A moment’s tumult fills the little space  
And passes like a breeze  
Hushed in the moment when it stirred the trees.

So passes and is gone  
The life of man, and hushed its myriad noise.  
How loudly he enjoys  
His furious day ;—how soon his day is done !  
His only law is speed.  
Let the whole world gyrating like a top  
Spin fast, spin faster to the inconceivable stop !  
This is the latest creed.  
Art judged thereby is vanity indeed.

Yet haply there are those who without frown  
Or smile, look down on us, look calmly down !

## INTERFLOW

### STARS IN MUD

- WHAT is this that burns and blessses,  
Leaping upwards like a fire,  
In whose flame my heart confesses  
Nameless, limitless desire ?'
- ‘ Ah ! you ask what priests and singers,  
Poets and philosophers,  
Riddle-makers, riddle-bringers,  
Pallid riddle-answerers
- ‘ Ask and have asked through the ages  
And will ask for ages yet,  
Till to dust their dusty pages  
Crumble all, and men forget.’
- ‘ All her bands from off her throwing,  
Bursting all her prison bars,  
See ! my soul in stature growing  
Reaches up beyond the stars.’
- ‘ Even so have others spoken ;  
Even beggars dream of nights.  
Learn to read this ancient token :  
In beds of straw lurk false delights !’

## STARS IN MUD

‘Cynic! stay you here and grovel,  
Knees in mud and back to heaven.  
Seek your friends within your hovel.  
*I seek mine*—the shining Seven !

‘To the unsunned soundless spaces  
Ever outwards, ever higher,  
Yoked in Love’s ethereal traces,  
Beauty-driven, I aspire.’

‘Back so soon, my little traveller?  
Journeys now are quickly done.  
What news bring you, the unraveller  
Of riddles, from beyond the Sun?’

‘Mock me, you who gave me warning,  
With your old “I told you so.”  
Ah, that life so bright at dawning  
Soon should lose its early glow !

‘Ah, that I who loathed the mire,  
Loved the sky, yearned to the star,  
Ever outwards, ever higher  
Straining, where God’s splendours are,—

‘Ah, that I, from what tall eyrie  
Into what deep despond hurled,  
Now am one amongst the miry  
Wingless star-despising world !’

‘Little brother, look you yonder.  
See! the year’s first flowers in bud.  
Does your heaven own a wonder  
Such as these are—stars in mud !’

## INTERFLOW

### BUILDING AND SINGING

MAN toils and raises pillars to the sky ;  
His work defies the rude winds rushing by,  
And rain and storm scarce mar its symmetry.

But still the careless-seeming feet of Time  
Wear down the steps, where priests and kings did  
climb ;  
And many a fane stands on naught else than rhyme.

Hither and thither blown throughout all lands  
Goeth the word, while man still understands ;  
Though fallen is the proud work of his hands.

So mighty is the spirit in us ; we speak,  
And lo, the sound lives ever without a break !  
But build we ne'er so bravely, we are weak.

Therefore lift up thy voice, O man, and sing,  
And of all artists let him be crowned king,  
Whose songs go down the ages echoing.

## A FABLE

### A FABLE

THE Devil blew three bubbles with his breath.  
The first was colourless ; its name was Death.  
The Devil watched it upwards with a grin,  
And blew the second, saying, ' Thou art Sin.  
In thee let every colour melt and fuse,  
Now wane, now glow again with changing hues.'  
And as it chased the bubble Death above,  
He blew the third and loveliest, which was Love.

Far off three boys were playing with delight,  
When the three bubbles sailed into their sight.  
First of the three came Love, which shone so fair  
And weighed so lightly on the tender air,  
That they were smitten through with eagerness  
To fondle it by many a soft caress,  
And with flushed cheeks and eager, burning eyes  
They ran to clasp and kiss their fragile prize.  
Alas ! at their first touch the bubble broke,  
And vanished in a puff of noisome smoke.

Then did they weep, bewailing bitterly  
The loss of that, which was so fair to see,  
Till one leaped up and pointed, with a cry,  
Where Sin came floating innocently by ;

## INTERFLOW

Not lovely as the first, but glistening  
With many colours, like an evil thing.  
And once again with rapt untutored gaze  
They watched its buoyant flight in wide amaze,  
Followed, and grasped ; again the bubble burst,  
Its light departed, all its hues dispersed.  
And, while they mourned, pale Death came, drifting  
    low,  
And brushed against them, like a flake of snow.  
And at its chill touch, each in sudden dread  
Shuddered a moment, and then lay still—dead.

Last came the Devil, something out of breath,  
And with a toothpick pricked the bubble Death.

## AN EPITAPH

### AN EPITAPH

A TRUCE ! Let cry a truce ! These are the dead,  
Our dead, whom we with all due reverence  
Must gather in one grave, in one wide bed  
Of common earth—each one a hero, hence  
No need to set that man apart from this.  
Of all our dead let the same tale be told !  
They were our brothers, and not one shall miss  
Honour and love and praiseful words of gold.

### THE EVE OF WAR

(Written at Highgate on the day before the declaration of war by Germany against Russia and France.)

THE night falls over London. City and sky  
Blend slowly. All the crowded plain grows dark.  
The last few loiterers leave the glooming park  
To swell that mighty tide which still sweeps by,  
Hedless save of its own humanity,  
Down to the Circus, where the staring arc  
Winks through the night, and every face shows  
stark  
And every cheek betrays its painted lie.

But here through bending trees blows a great wind ;  
Through torn cloud-gaps the angry stars look  
down.  
Here have I heard this night the wings of War,  
His dark and frowning countenance I saw.  
What dreadful menace hangs above our town ?  
Let all the great cities pray ; for they have sinned.

## ON THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

### ON THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

BEHOLD now the responsible hand of Fate!

We, like a troupe of puppets, but go through  
Our antics at her bidding. Yet, what we do,  
We think from our own will must emanate.

Mistress of our small stage she deals distress

To whom she will, apportions betterment,  
And smiles to hear us praise each man's intent,  
As if we were sole authors of our success.

Deluded fools! and I the most deluded,

Seeing the future yawn before my feet,  
Myself of all my hopes and plans denuded,

That but thin air which seemed my steady seat,  
Still hoping, planning, still in myself confiding,  
Though Earth's at war and my good luck in  
hiding.

## INTERFLOW

### ON THE WAR

#### I.

‘THE mastery of Europe’—it is an age  
Since last that cry was heard, that vision burned  
A nation’s heart out. Neither have we learned,  
Nor our grandparents, what it is to wage  
War over land and sea, to lift the page  
Ever through five score years of peace unturned,  
Where each year Commerce wrote what sums she  
had earned—  
Totalled at last ! And now what deeds of rage  
To be set down, and blind and brutish pride,  
And who knows what of blood, of tears beside,  
Not of our seeking ! For, God be thanked, we still  
With the old cause of Freedom are allied,  
And our old enemy we are pledged to kill—  
Cæsar, who would bend Europe to his will.

## ON THE WAR

## ON THE WAR

### II.

Not now the collision of waters, not the shock  
Of countering winds, impact of world on world !  
What image could body forth whole peoples  
hurled  
Together, what comparison unlock  
Minds to admit such horror ? If God can mock,  
Us now He mocks, by these grim clouds unfurled,  
Those homes, where late the peaceful smoke up-  
curled,  
On whose shut doors the envious cannon knock ;  
Us dreamers of a Day beyond our day,  
Us citizens of a City still to be,  
Not yet, but oh ! if to maturity  
Even now growing, splendid, in the womb  
Of this dark present, if War within his tomb  
Be stopt for ever, if England win ! we pray.

## INTERFLOW

### ‘FOR THOSE AT SEA’

(H.M.S. ‘ABOUKIR’, ‘CRESSY’, ‘HOGUE’,  
22ND SEPTEMBER)

Now all our English woodland sighs ‘October.’  
The mild sun going down behind the trees  
Doth bless a countryside as sweet and sober  
As ever put on brown and red to please ;  
The brooks run blood, but ‘tis such blood as Heav’n,  
Piercèd with light, lets fall on field and village ;  
England’s dear breasts are still unbruised, unriv’n  
The autumn peace on pastureland and tillage.  
Dear mother of us all, hast thou not heard ?  
Thou knowest how thy sons, our brothers, died  
Of late, and hast thou not a sorrowful word ?  
O no ! Thou dost contain thyself in pride.  
Pity suits not for those, who guarding thee  
Guard more than their own lives, for those at sea.

## ST. PAUL'S IN WAR TIME

### ST. PAUL'S IN WAR TIME

THE last low chord of voices dies away  
Up the echoing dome. The priest intones the  
prayer  
Murmurously interceding. The hushèd air  
Darkens about the people as they pray  
For peace, and they have peace. But still the day  
Tarries outside. Still through the uneasy  
square  
The crowd rolls and the traffic thunders. And  
there  
London gives Peace the old contemptuous Nay.

Here, at this same hour, many times before  
Standing without I have heard the Heavens  
within—  
A moment, then the sudden-swinging door  
Silenced the one sound, and the City's din  
Rushed up. But never against that tyrannous roar  
Sounded the tones of Peace so far and thin.

## INTERFLOW

### QUID SIT FUTURUM

WHEN I look back upon the stream of life,  
Which, broadening now to a wide-spacèd river,  
Leaves the still lands (O little pools a-quiver  
With pigmy winds ! O gentle woodlands rife  
With song !) and hears the cataracts of strife  
Thundering, not far—I ask of Thee, the Giver  
Of endings as of beginnings, Who dost shiver  
All of Thy chiselling with the unspared knife :

Look Thou upon these waters. They have known  
Thee all too little in Thy wrath and power.  
Look Thou upon them ; that, when they are blown  
To vapour, when the unavoided hour  
Comes, they repent not but leap volleying down,  
Careless of the void, in one wide scattering  
shower.

## TO BELGIUM

### TO BELGIUM

You have taken up the burden, which on the back  
Of Athens rested in the far-off time,  
When first of Greece, and in her own sublime  
First hour of greatness, she withstood the attack  
Of Persia ; when on her alone the black  
Barbarian storm-sky lowered ; when by the rime  
Of the salt sea, at Marathon, that worst crime  
Was foiled, that dark cloud parted into rack.

You took up Athens' burden ; and Athens lent  
Willing her spirit ; and still like Athens, you  
Removed your kingdom through the wintry sea.  
England this bitter while is proud to be  
Your Salamis. For, great as glory grew  
To Athens, yours will grow past wonderment.

## INTERFLOW

### ON THE SINKING OF THE 'FALABA'

28TH MARCH 1915

Now, by just Heaven, this will we not forget.  
There have been those who counselled us: 'Be kind.  
Humble your enemy not, lest the sun set  
    In anger on a world smit mad and blind.'  
I heard and listened. I answered, it was well  
    And wisely spoken. So might Hate be o'erthrown.  
So out of those black deeds, which made a hell  
    In India, vengeance forborne, leal love is grown.  
  
Nay, it was just then to be merciful.  
But you—'Guardians of the Flame' 'Leaders of  
    the Race'  
(Whatever empty names of honour wears  
    Your arrogance)—you world-wreckers, hot to pull  
Honour and charity down from their highest place,  
May *this* be paid for in your long sweat and tears.

## A CALL TO ARMS

### A CALL TO ARMS

DRAW your swords, you silent ones,  
    You spectators !

Take your places, you abstracted ones,  
    You wise praters !

Put your books by, you students,  
    You learners !

Lay down your pens, you writers,  
    You light-burners !

Those quiet days you loved are over,  
    Can be no longer ;

Those still thoughtful nights, those too  
    Must be no longer.

Other tasks now ! Other labours !

    Be there no flinching,  
No turning aside, no deserting,  
    No thirst-quenching !

The Future ? Not for us ; for others.

    Ours is the present ;  
Ours too the Past—that is still

    Splendidly present.

## INTERFLOW

Let the Future go ! Since the past is  
    Not yet ended,  
Be it yours then to re-carve it  
    Even more splendid.

Draw your swords, take your places,  
    Students, teachers !  
Lay down your pens, put your books by,  
    Writers, researchers !

## RUPERT BROOKE

## RUPERT BROOKE

APRIL 23, 1915

STILLED is one voice, amongst the many voices,  
    Silent one heart, of all young hearts high beating.  
No more, no more at Grantchester rejoices  
    His river-friend, but footsteps faint retreating  
Away, away into unsounding distance  
    Aching regrets. We too regret him aching,  
Voice of bright steel and gold, radiant resistance  
    To Death-in-Life ! Alas, him true Death taking,  
Newly unsheathed, our newest eagerest blade,  
    New-tempered in war's hottest furnace-flame,  
Breaks—breaks ! How could we spare him to be  
    broken,  
Happy son, whom to be England's servant made  
    Happier ? How Glory might have winged his  
    name  
With now unspoken words, words ever unspoken !

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty  
at the Edinburgh University Press



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
BERKELEY

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of 50c per volume after the third day overdue, increasing to \$1.00 per volume after the sixth day. Books not in demand may be renewed if application is made before expiration of loan period.

May 6 1920

50m-7, '16

YC102903

331028

Faber

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

